

Reading for Women and all the Family

EMERGENCY BREADS

Saving of Wheat Means Much to Uncle Sam and His Battling Yankees Abroad

Why not have a booth for Emergency Breads at your next Church Fair? It could be made from a combination of various flours with wheat flour. A placard of prominence might read: EMERGENCY BREAD IS 3-4 OR 4-5 WHITE FLOUR AND 1-4 OR 1-5 SOME OTHER FLOUR

Some of these breads to be made and sold are potato bread, corn-meal and wheat bread, rye bread, rolled oats bread, etc. Have a display of cut loaves showing the texture and color of these various admixtures.

A table of miniature sandwiches might bring in the pennies and also prove selling power for the loaves—a penny a sample, as it were.

Posters in color, as well as slogans, on saving the wheat by saving "A Slice of Bread a Day," can be secured by applying to the Federal Food Administrator in your state, or to the United States Food Administration, Washington, D. C.

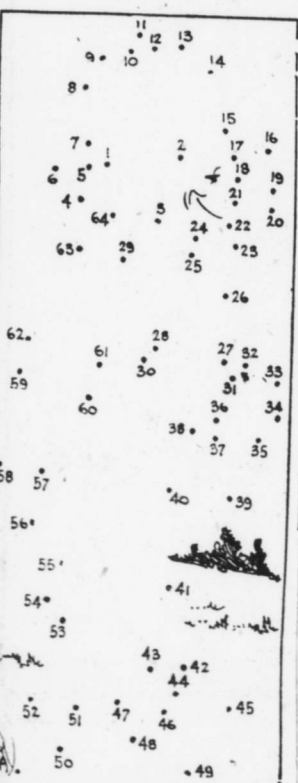
Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Daily Dot Puzzle



THE YUKON TRAIL

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)
In the late afternoon, while Gordon was still fifteen miles from Kusiak, his horse fell lame. He led limping to the cabin of some miners.

There were three of them, and they had been drinking heavily from a jug of whisky left earlier in the day by the stage-driver. Gordon was in two minds whether to accept their surly permission to stay for the night, but the lameness of his horse decided him.

Not caring to invite their hostility, he gave his name as Gordon instead of Elliott. He was to learn within the hour that this was mistake number two.

From a pocket of the coat he had thrown on a bed protruded the newspaper Gordon had brought from Kusiak. One of the men, a big red-headed fellow, pulled it out and began sulkily to read.

While he read the other two bickered and drank and snarled at each other. All three of the men were in that stage of drunkenness when a quarrel is likely to flare up at a moment's notice.

"Listen here," demanded the man with the newspaper. "Tell you what, boys, I'm going to wrap the neck of that pussifying spy Elliott if I ever get a chance."

He read aloud the editorial in the Sun. After he had finished, the others joined him in a chorus of curses.

"I always did hate a spy—and this one's a murderer too. Why don't some one fill his hide with lead?"

Redhead was sitting at the table. He thumped a heavy first so hard that the tin cups jumped. "Gitime a crack at him and I'll show you!"

A shadow fell across the room. In the doorway stood a newcomer. Gordon had a sensation as if a lump of ice had been drawn down his spine. For the man who had just come in was Big Bill Macy, and he was looking at the field agent with eyes in which amazement, anger and triumph blazed.

"I'm glad to meet you, meet you again, Mr. Elliott," he jeered. "Seems like old times on Wild-Goose."

"What you say his name is?" cut in the man with the newspaper.

"Hasn't he introduced himself, boys?" Macy answered with a cruel grin. "Now, ain't that modest of that well-known detective and spy, Gordon Elliott, that renowned king of holdups?"

The red-headed man interrupted with a hoarse roar, "if you're telling it straight, Bill Macy, I'll learn him to spy on me."

Elliott was sitting one of the beds. He had not moved an inch since Macy had appeared, but the brain behind his live eyes was taking stock of the situation. Big Bill blocked the doorway. The table was in front of the window. Unless he could fight his way out, there was no escape for him. He was trapped.

Quietly Gordon looked from one to another.

"I'm not spying on you. My horse is lame. You can see that for yourself. All I asked was a night's lodging."

"Under another name than your own, you cussed sneaky!"

The field agent did not understand the fury of the man, because he did not know that these miners were working the claim under a defective title and that they had jumped to the conclusion that he had come to get evidence against them. But he knew that never in his life had he been in a tighter hole. In another minute they would attack him. Whether it would run to murder he could not tell. At the best he would be hammered helplessly.

But no evidence of this knowledge appeared in his manner.

"I didn't give my last name because there is a prejudice against me in this country," he explained in an even voice.

He wondered as he spoke if he had better try to fling himself through the window sash. There might be a remote chance that he could make it.

The miner at the table eyed this possibility with rising and standing squarely in the road.

"Look out! He's got a gat," warned Macy.

Gordon fervently wished his hands were under the window sash. But he was unarmed. While his eyes quested for a weapon he played for time.

"You can't get away with this, you know. The United States government is back of me. It's known I left the Willow Creek camp. I'll be traced here."

Through Gordon's mind there flashed words of advice once given by a professional burglar.

"If you get in a rough house, don't work for the other fellow to hit him. If you're cruching for the attack, you had better take your own motion he stooped, snatched up by the leg a heavy stool, and sprang to the bed upon which he had been sitting.

The four men closed with him in a rush. They came at him low, their heads protected by uplifted arms. His memory brought to him a picture of the whitewashed gridiron of a football field, and in it he saw a vision of safety.

The stool crashed down upon Big Bill Macy's head. Gordon hurled the crumpling figure, plunged between hands outstretched to seize him, and over the table went through the window, taking the flimsy sash with him.

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



A PROCK FOR ALL SEASONS.
White serge trimmed with check velours is very attractive made up after the model pictured here. Later in the season the velours may be replaced by silk or satin, making the dress suitable for all seasons. The fulcrum at the waist is held in with a broad belt of black suede. Medium size requires 5 yards 48-inch serge, with 1 yard velours.
Pictorial Review Costume No. 7537, Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



This is a gown that can be converted to various uses. It has a simple blouse but with a very novel collar that so nearly covers it as to give something of a jacket suggestion. The skirt is a simple one, shirred at the upper edge and the tunic falls over the sides. If you make the shirrings of the skirt adjustable it becomes adapted to the expectant mother, but made as it is here it is suited to general wear. Satin and crepe de chine and materials of such sort are admirable and it also can be made of two materials, with the skirt and collar of satin, perhaps, and the tunic and blouse of crepe de chine. In the picture, the collar and cuffs are of crepe braided with soutache and soutache applied over such thin materials makes something of a feature of the season. If you made the entire gown of satin it would be pretty to make the collar and cuffs of Georgette, and for the trimming you might braid a narrow little border with soutache, around the edges.

For the medium size will be needed, 6 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide, with 3/8 yard 40 inches wide for collar and cuffs.

The pattern No. 9606 is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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Helen heard the door close after Warren and in spite of herself, she smiled at his childishness. She wondered if Warren really meant that he did not wish her to go out alone at night because he loved her and was worried about her, or because it did not fit with his ideas of what a woman may and may not do, from a conventional standpoint.

Certainly she had gone out alone many times, and he had said nothing. Of course she had never journeyed alone to Brooklyn, but she saw no reason why a woman who was sensible and minded her own business could not travel where she pleased at night as well as in the daytime.

It was with a sense of light-heartedness that she went into her bedroom and prepared to go over to Brooklyn for the evening. The fact that Warren had disapproved had given her a little tingle, even though she had felt once before when she had gone out to dinner with Frances and her cheeks burned, she hummed a little tune, even through dinner. When Mary served her quietly and deftly, Helen felt strangely happy and, going down in the elevator, she could hardly refrain from singing out loud.

She knew that she must take the subway to Atlantic avenue, but where she went from there, or how, she hadn't the faintest idea. Evelyn and her husband had taken Warren and Helen the one time that Helen had ever been there, and she did not remember anything about the way they had gone. She remembered vaguely that Kenneth had said that it was possible to go in two ways, but that was as far as her memory went.

At Atlantic avenue she stopped to buy a magazine and asked the man behind the counter how to get to Twenty-eighth street.

"Whereabouts?" he snapped. "It runs the whole length of the city, you know."

"East or west?" he asked again. Helen told him. And, in spite of the fact that he had spoken so crossly, he obligingly got out a fat book and began to thumb it over carefully.

After a five-minute wait, Helen thanked him and told him not to bother.

"Helen!" she seemed to find it, he said, wrinkling his forehead. "But I'll tell you what to do. Just go upstairs and ask the starter. He can give you any information you want."

Helen thanked him again and went upstairs. It was a bitterly cold night and she had foolishly worn her suit, which was not very warm. She shivered as the cold air struck her, and looked about for the starter. She saw him out in the middle of the street directing some kind of altercation. When she finally reached

him and asked her question much of her enthusiasm was dampened. "Flatbush avenue car," he yelled, and added some directions "as to where to get off which Helen failed to hear. Before she could ask him again he was off somewhere else and as she was very cold by now and seeing her car waiting across the street she did not stop, but hurried across and just caught it as it started off.

She decided to ask the conductor, but the car was so crowded and she was wedged in so tightly between three men that one of them had to pass her face over her. Helen was not the kind of a woman to push forward and ask for information, and again she trusted to luck. The man who sat in front of her finally got up to go and Helen took his seat and found herself next to a sweet-faced girl, whom she instantly questioned.

The girl looked puzzled and finally said, "I really don't know. I think Twenty-eighth street crosses somewhere, but I don't know just where."

"What is it you want to know?" asked a woman on her right. And Helen, by this time, forgot that she had been taken across the city miles from her destination, again put her question.

"Tom," said the woman, pulling the sleeve of the man who stood over them. "Do you know where this lady gets off to go to Twenty-eighth street?"

The man addressed as Tom looked down into Helen's anxious eyes, and looked puzzled, too. "Now, let me advise you, not wishing to give up, and before Helen could say anything he had turned toward two other men and asked them. The woman beside Helen smiled, and said confidently, "Don't you worry, we'll get you somewhere near it, anyway."

Helen smiled back, and a warm little feeling began to steal through her heart. These people were all strangers to her and yet they were all interested in seeing that she arrive safely, and Helen was sure that they were people who cared one way or another about what happened to a fellow creature.

The three men were all arguing, and the man addressed as Tom finally turned back to Helen. "I'd advise you to get off at the next corner," he said kindly. "It will take you within a short walk of your destination, anyway, and no one else will be in a hurry to tell you. If we could get hold of the conductor he might know, but he's wedged in at the other end of the car."

Helen thanked them with a shy smile and prepared to get off at the corner. She stepped off the icy step of the car into cold darkness and felt as much as any woman would feel under the circumstances a good way from home. She had no fear, however, for if she didn't find the place she could ask again. Her adventure brought her nothing else, it had at least given her a far different feeling toward the strangers one brushes against daily.

(Watch for the next installment of this interesting series.)

GOOD ATTENDANCE RECORDS
Hummelstown, Pa., Jan. 15.—Hummelstown school report for the fourth month shows an enrollment of 490, with a total enrollment for the term of 511 pupils. Of these the average attendance for the month was 434 and for the term 442 pupils attended. The following names of pupils were present every day of the month and 103 attended full time for the four months. There were 96 cases of sickness reported and 50 visits recorded.

Nine new pupils entered school for the first time on opening of the holiday vacation. They were Paul Miller, William Jacks, Elizabeth Whisler, Alice Slough, Evelyn Sarvis, Mary Howard, Paul Deimler, Daniel Engle and Norman Bowermaster.

CHURCH OFFICERS CHOSEN
Blair, Pa., Jan. 15.—On Sunday the following officers were elected by the United Evangelical Church at Stony Point to serve for the ensuing year: Superintendent, William C. Smith; assistant superintendent, Margaret Hess; assistant secretary, Trostle Johnston; superintendent of the Home Department, Mrs. Davidson V. Hensch; superintendent of the Cradle Roll, Mrs. Edward M. Rice.

APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT
Liverpool, Pa., Jan. 15.—D. S. Ferry, county superintendent of the Perry County Sabbath School Association, has appointed T. V. Miller, of Newport, as county superintendent of Home department work in Perry county to succeed Mrs. Catherine Spangler, who resigned. Mr. Miller is president of Newport Sunday school district and has been identified with local Sunday school affairs for a number of years.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: There is a young man who calls on me. He is of excellent family and seems to have good habits. He is one of many young men who occupy most of my time evenings, and I like him very much, as he is entirely different from the ordinary and amuses and attracts me immensely.

He has volunteered his services to his country and is at present awaiting the call to the colors, which he expects in the next ten days. He has asked me several times to marry him, but I am uncertain that I love him. He has enough money to make me comfortable for life. R. D. B.

He has the tone of your letter suggests to me that you like this man, admire him and feel it would be a wise and practical thing to marry him. But the benefit of his support when he is over in France. But nothing in your letter suggests love, unselfish devotion, a desire for his happiness, or a willingness to sacrifice your own comfort and enjoyment in order to secure his happiness. There isn't any basis for a real marriage if your attitude is what I have felt it to be. If my analysis is wrong and the situation is the exact opposite then, and then only, would it be advisable for you to marry your soldier boy.

Maid of Honor
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A man is attentive to a girl whose sister is to be married. Is it right for this girl to be her sister's bridesmaid unless her friend, the brother of the bridegroom, is picked as best man? This has caused a quarrel between two sweethearts and we wait your answer patiently.

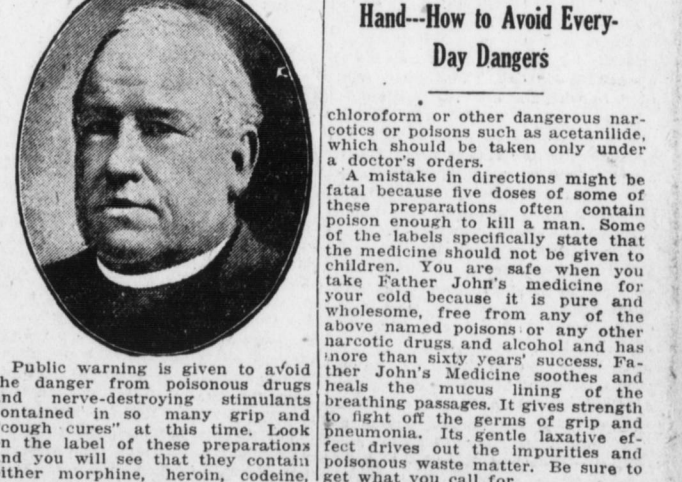
Naturally the girl of whom you speak will be her sister's wedding bridesmaid. Equally naturally the bridegroom chooses his own brother as best man. There is absolutely no reason why the man who cares for the bride's sister should expect to be in the wedding party. Out of courtesy to his sweetheart, he would be invited to be one of the guests at the wedding and he has absolutely no right to expect more or to be hurt because both bride and groom choose their nearest and dearest as attendants.

SIMPLE WAY TO TAKE OFF FAT
There can be nothing simpler than taking a convenient little tablet four times each day until your weight is reduced to normal. That's all—just purchase a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets from your druggist (or if you prefer, send 75c to Marmola Co., 844 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich) and follow directions. No dieting, no exercise. Eat what you want—be as lazy as you like and keep on getting slimmer. And the best part of Marmola Prescription Tablets is their harmlessness. That is your absolute safeguard.—Advertisement.

It's marvelous how quickly it acts. Blessed relief often comes in two days, and even in cases where suffering is most painful, all traces disappear in a few days. Mr. James H. Allen, the discoverer of Allenru, who for many years suffered the torments of acute rheumatism, desires to let you know that he does not want a cent of anyone's money unless Allenru decisively conquers this wretched ailment. He has instructed Geo. A. Gorgas to guarantee it in every instance.

ADVISE CARE IN WHAT YOU TAKE FOR GRIP-COLDS

Grip and Pneumonia Go Hand in Hand—How to Avoid Everyday Dangers



Public warning is given to avoid the danger from poisonous drugs and nerve-destroying stimulants contained in so many grip and "cough" cures at this time. Look on the label of these preparations, and you will see that they contain either morphine, heroin, cocaine,

chloroform or other dangerous narcotics or poisons such as acetanilide, which should be taken only under a doctor's orders. A mistake in directions might be fatal because five doses of some of these preparations often contain poison enough to kill a man. Some of the labels specifically state that the medicine should not be given to children. You are safe when you take Father John's medicine for your cold because it is pure and wholesome, free from any of the above named poisons or any other narcotic drugs and alcohol and has more than sixty years' success. Father John's Medicine soothes and heals the inflamed lining of the breathing passages. It gives strength to fight off the germs of grip and pneumonia. Its gentle laxative effect drives off all impurities and poisonous waste matter. Be sure to get what you call for.

MUSTARINE CONQUERS TONSILITIS, PLEURISY, LUMBAGO AND NEURALGIA
Kills All Pains and Aches in Half the Time it Takes Liniments, Poultices and Plasters.
Large Box 25 Cents
BEEY'S Mustarine is used by tens of thousands of people who know that it is the quickest killer of pain on earth. It's so penetrating and effective.

Why The Skin Chapps and Becomes Rough in Winter

Advertisement.

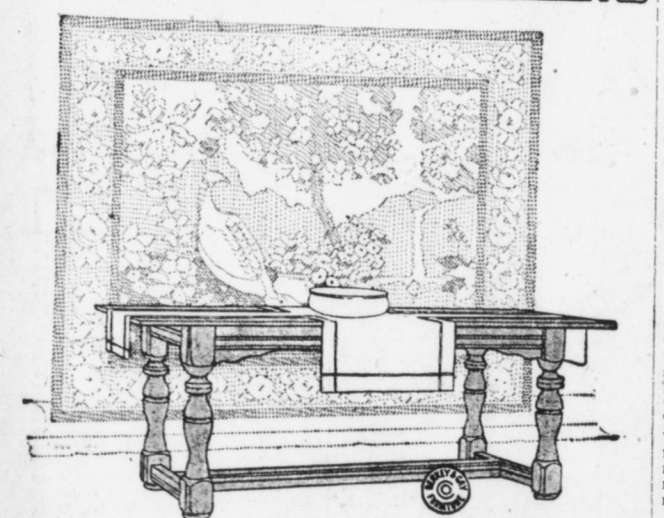
Many people who have beautiful, soft, white skin during the Spring and Summer months wonder why they suffer from chapped hands and face during the winter months. The fact is, said a noted skin Specialist, rarely warm weather has a tendency to bring a natural oil from the surface of the skin, which keeps it soft and smooth. In cold weather this natural oil is reversed, and the natural oils of the body are unable to reach the surface, and as a result the skin cracks and chaps and becomes rough. Often the skin cracks until it bleeds, chilblains develop and the soreness, burning and itching are very trying, indeed. To prevent the skin from chapping or from becoming rough and red, great care should be used in drying the hands or face after washing and a little ordinary lanolin cream should be rubbed over the hands and face at night before retiring. It is easy to apply, and will keep the skin as soft, velvety-smooth and white, even though you are exposed to the most trying and severe winter weather. This cream will usually vanish after a single application. Am-o-nized Cocoa Cream moistens, soothes and protects the skin from any good druggist. It has an enormous sale at this time of the year, as it seems to be the only preparation required to keep the skin in perfect condition during the winter months. There is nothing better.—Advertisement.

RHEUMATISM LEAVES YOU FOREVER

Deep Seated Uric Acid Deposits Are Dissolved and the Rheumatic Poison Starts to Leave the System Within Twenty-four Hours.

Geo. A. Gorgas, whom you all know is authorized to sell to every sufferer in this vicinity that if two bottles of Allenru, the sure conquerer of rheumatism, are taken, all agony, reduce swollen joints and do away with even the slightest twinges of burning pain. He will gladly return your money without comment. Allenru has been tried and tested for years, and really marvelous results have been accomplished in the most severe cases where the suffering and agony was intense and pitiful, and where the patient was helpless. Allenru's action is to dissolve the uric acid deposits, break up the secretions and drives rheumatic poisons out of the body through the kidneys and bowels.

IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW AND A SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY RELIEVE IT.
25c and 50c. Hospital Size, \$1.



Fashion's trend in tables

Today fashion dictates the use of many kinds of tables. To realize their interesting variety, you should see our attractive new designs from Berkey & Gay.

From these fascinating modern tables you can select exactly the one you need to give an air of homelike welcome to your hall; to add the last bit of comfort and style to your davenport; or to make tea-drinking an extraordinarily delightful function.

The Harrisburg Berkey and Gay Store Is
GOLDSMITH'S
North Market Square